Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

DOROTHY LEONARD, soprano

and

JANE O'DEA, pianist

Sunday, April 30, 1989 at 5:00 p.m.

Music for Awhile Sweeter than Roses	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Tre Ariette, 1837-8 1. Il fervido desiderio 2. Dolente immagine di Fille mia 3. Vaga luna che inargenti	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Ruhe, meine Seele, Op. 27, No. 1 (1894) Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 (1885) Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4 (1894) Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8 (1885) Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1 (1885)	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

INTERMISSION

Abendempfindung (1787)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Selections from Ariettes Oubliées (1903) 1. C'est L'Extase 2. Il Pleure dans mon Couer 3. L'Ombre des Arbres	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (1933)	Jerome Kern (1885-1945)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms. Leonard.

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Tre Ariette

Il fervido desiderio - The Fervent Desire

Quando verrà quel di	When will he come, tell me,
Che rivedere potrò	that I will be able to see him again,
Quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?	the one that my loving heart desires?
Quando verrà quel di	When will he come, tell me,
Che in sen t'accoglierò	so that to my breast I may receive you
Bella fiama d'amor,	Beautiful flame of love,
anima mia!	my soul!

Dolente immagine di Fille mia - Grieved image of my Fille

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,	Grieved image of my Fille,
Perchè sì squallida	Why do you sit so dreary beside me?
mi siedi accanto?	
Che piu desideri?	What more do you want?
Di rotto pianto	I pour copious tears
Io sul tuo cenere versai finor.	Upon your ashes thus far.
Temi che immemore	Are you afraid that, forgetful
de sacri giuri	Of sacred oaths, I might
Io possa accendermi	get excited by other flames?
ad altra face?	
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;	Shade (doubts) of Fillide, rest in peace;
É inestinguibile l'antico ardor.	It is inextinguishable, the ancient ardor.

Vaga luna che inagenti - Wandering Moon that silvers

Vaga luna, che inargenti	Wandering moon, that silvers
Questi rive e questi fiori	these shores and these flowers
Ed inspiri agli elementi	and inspires in the elements
Il linguaggio dell'amor;	the language of love;
Testimonio or sei tu sola	Now you are the only witness
Del mio fervido desir	of my fervent desire
Ed a lei che m'innamora	And to her, with whom I'm in love
conta i palpiti e i sospir.	You might count the throbs and sighs.
Dille purche lontananza	By those (sighs and throbs), even at a distance
Il mio duol non può lenir:	my sorrow can't be allayed;
Che se nutro una speranza,	That if I nourish one hope,
Ella è sol nell'avvenir.	It is her only, in the future.
Dille purche giorno e sera	By those (throbs and sighs) even morning and evening
Conto l'ore del dolor,	I count the hours of grief,
Che una speme lusinghiere	That one ray of hope
Mi conforta nell'amor	comforts me in love.

Ruhe, emine Seele - Rest, my soul

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,	Not a breeze is stirring,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;	Softly, slumbering lies the grove;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle	Through the dark cover of foliage
Stielt sich lichter sonnenschein.	Steal the bright sunbeams,
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,	Rest, rest, my sul,
Deine stürme gingen wild,	Your turmoil has been furious,
Hast getobt und hast gezittert,	You have raged and trembled,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt!	Like the surf when it swells!
Diese zeitung sind gewaltig,	These times are turbulent
Bringen Herz und Hirn in NOT,	They cause distress to heart and mind.
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,	Rest, rest, my soul,
Und vergiss was dich bedroht!	And forget what threatens you!

Nacht - Night

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht
Aus den Bäume schleicht sie Leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.
Aller Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, Alle Farben löscht sie aus,
Und stielt die Garben weg vom Feld;
alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms,
Weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Out of the forest comes the night,
Quietly she moves in from behind the trees;
She oversees all around her,--
Beware now!
All the lights of the world,
All the flowers, all the colors, she extinguishes;
she steals the sheaves from the fields;
She takes everything that is lovely,
From the copper dome of the cathedral
She takes away its gold.
The spray of flowers stands plundered
Draw closer, soul to soul'
O I am afraid the night will steal
You, too, from me.

Morgen - Tomorrow

Und Morgen wird die Sonne wieder Scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den Ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
In mitten dieser Sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand dem weiten, wogen blauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augenschauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon the sunbreathing earth...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness...

Allerseelen - All Souls' Day

Stell auf den Tisch die duftendedn Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag' herbei,
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.
Gib mir die Hand das ich sie hiemlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gib mir nur einen deiner süssen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es blüht und duftet heut' auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,-
Komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Place on the table the fragment mignonettes,
Bring here the last of the red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind'
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Souls' Day,--
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May

Zueignung - Devotion

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Das ich fern von dir mich quale,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank!
Einst hielt ich der Freheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethisten Becher
Und du segnetest den Trank
Habe Dank!
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heiling, Heilig, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish
Love causes the heart to ache,--
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,--
To you my thanks!
You exorcized the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks!

Abendempfindung - texts and translations unavailable

C'est l'extase - It is ecstasy

C'est l'extase langoureuse
C'est la fatigue amoureuse
C'est tous les frissons des bois
parmi l'etreinte des brises
C'est, vers les ramures grises
le choeur des petites voix.

It is the languorous ecstasy
It is the fatigue of love
It is all the quivers of the forest
through me, the embrace of the breezes,
It is, among the grey boughs,
the chorus of small voices.

O le frêle et frais mumure
cela gazouille et susure
cela resemble au cri doux
que l'herb agitée expire.

O the frail and fresh murmur,
that warbling and rustling
That resembles the sweet cry
that the restless grass breathes out.

Tu dirai sous l'eau qui vire
le roulissourd des cailloux
Cette âme qui se lamente
en cette plainte dormante
C'est la notre, n'est-ce pas
La miene, dis, et la tiene
dont s'exhale l'humble antiene
parce tiede soir, tout bas.

You will say, under the water
which turns the mute rolling pebbles
This soul which laments
this sleeping lamentation
It is ours, is it not?
It is mine, say it, and yours,
which breathes the humble anthem,
on this warm evening, very softly.

Il pleure dans mon coeur - It rains on my heart

Il pleure dans mon coeur
comme il pleut sur la ville
quelle est cette langueur
qui pènètre mon coeur.

It rains on my heart
as it rains on the city
What is this languor
which penetrates my heart

O bruit doux de la pluie
par terre et sur les toits
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie
O le bruit de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison
dans ce coeur qui s'é coeure

O the sweet din of the rain
through the earth and on the roofs
For a heart which is troubled
O the din of the rain!
Tears fall without reason
in this anguished heart

Quoi! Nulla trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison?

What! No treachery?
This mourning is without reason?

C'est bien la pire peine
de ne savoir pour quoi,
sans amour et sans haine,
Mon coeur a tant de peine

It is easily the worst grief,
not understanding why,
without love and without hate,
My heart feels so much pain.

L'ombre des Arbres - The Shadow of Trees

L'ombre des arbres
dans la rivière embrumée
meurt comme de la fumée
tan dis qu'en l'air,
parmi les ramures ré-elles
se plaignent les tourterelles
combien, O voyageur,
ce paysage blême,
te mira blême toi même
et que tristes pleuraient--
dans les hautes feuillées
tes espérances noyées

The shadows of trees
on the hazy river
die like the smoke,
Meanwhile in the air,
in the very boughs,
the turtledoves moan.
How much, O traveller,
this pale landscape
mirrors your own pale self,
and what sad cries they are,
in the high leaves,
your drowned hopes.